

# THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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## Poetry.

FOR THE CASKET.

### TO THE AMERICAN ARMY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Stand, firmly stand, ye marshalled sons  
Of Liberty;  
And let the booming of your guns  
Your answers be,  
To friend or foe,  
Who prates of woe,  
To damp your noble chivalry.

Millions of eyes upon ye turn,  
And flash with pride;  
Millions of hearts do eager burn  
To stand beside,  
And hear the roar  
Your cannons pour  
Along the Rio Grande's tide!

Let England boast her mighty deeds,  
On land and sea—  
Point where a conquered nation bleeds,  
Yet what care ye?  
Ye fear her not,  
For ye have got  
The iron arms of Liberty!

And France, they say—who coward like  
Look palely on—  
France may be tempted, yet, to strike  
For haughty Don;—  
Ay, let her dare—  
By heaven! we swear,  
Ye'll teach her how our fathers won!

O ye can fight, for ye have fought  
Right gallantly;  
And many a boasting foe who sought,  
So valiantly,  
To make ye yield,  
Has bit the field  
And heard your shouts of victory.

And PAUL ALTO has a tongue  
Ye need not dread,—  
For by it will your deeds be sung  
When ye are dead;—  
And Taylor's fame,  
And Ringgold's name,  
On glory's deathless scroll shall wed.

And Cross, and Walker, May, and Brown,  
Are deathless too;  
For they have won the laurel crown,  
To brave hearts due,—  
And we will fill,  
From sparkling rill,  
Our cups, and drink to them, and you.

Then on, ye brave! strong in the right,  
Let Naught withstand  
The zeal with which ye freemen fight,  
For Freedom's land!  
And we will pray,  
To God, alway,  
To hold you in his mighty hand.

## Original Tale.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CASKET.]

### THE POOR STUDENT, OR THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY EDWARD MELANCTHON.

Oh! twilight! Spirit that dost render birth  
To dim enchantments; melting Heaven with Earth,  
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams  
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;  
Thy hour to all is welcome.—[CAROLINE NORTON.]

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;  
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt,  
Of solitude and melancholy born?—[BEATTIE.]

My soul would drink these echoes.—Oh that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the best tone that made me?—[BYRON.]

MAN! How is the mind of the contemplative person crowded with reflections when this is the theme of his meditations! How varied the considerations it involves, how wide the scope of its investigation! How much of the real, how much of the mystical, how much of the material and how much of the spiritual is included in its range! Whence are we, what are we, where are we and whither do we tend, are questions which must perplex the mind until skepticism yields to the triumph of faith, and every link is seen of that wonderful chain of being which stretches from nothing to infinity. This must be the case so long as reason is enthroned in the mind, for it will not slumber while an effect is seen without a demonstrated cause. Indeed the solution of these questions seems the proper study of man—for it must direct him to that Paradise of felicity toward which are the aspirations and reachings-forward of the hopeful. What are we? Not merely living, walking, sentient beings—not merely toiling, eating and sleeping organisms;—but we are also clothed upon by the Divinity that framed the Universe, endowed with intellect and spirit, and in us is the marriage of matter and mind. Where are we? We are in a world of wonderful mechanism filled with an infinitude of objects of intellectual research and of beauty and grandeur to make manifest the spirit. Hence the science and the poetry of nature—the lifting-up of the reason and the tuning of that harp of the soul whose thousand chords vibrate the emotions, the ecstasies, the sympathies and the affections which constitute the Upper Life of man.

Such are some of the meditations of the thoughtful. Indeed it is impossible for the most careless to escape themselves, in their serious moods, for their own being is involved in every act, and the grand riddle cannot escape their attention. Happy is he whose mental vision is sufficiently extended to see the beginning, continuation and end of MAN!

And such are some of the considerations which had forced themselves upon the mind of Horace Melville, a young man whom we shall now introduce to the reader.

He was of poor parentage, but his excellent qualities had commended him to a wealthy acquaintance who extended to him the aid of his purse in supplying the means of obtaining an education. At the time the first scene in the following drama was enacted, he was attending one of our Western Academies preparatory to the commencement of a collegiate course. He had been bred amid the peaceful and invigorating scenes of the country where his parents, by industrious and economical habits had maintained their family on the proceeds of a small farm. He had been, from the time his strength would permit, until his recent entrance on a course of study, engaged in husbandry, first attending to small af-

fairs, anon the plough-boy, and, finally, the doer of the strong man's task. Being of an active and vigorous temperament, and endowed by nature with strong mental powers, he early manifested the dignity and thought of maturer years. In obtaining a proper direction of mental development and an expansive and liberal view of things, the intellectual habits and noble sentiments of his parents, were of inconceivable benefit. His mother was one of those true matrons, who in their attention to the children of their care seem by every act, by every look, by every word and smile to invite their young spirits in an upward tendency. His father, too, was a man of reflection and delighted to give his son high conceptions of the Universe, the Creator and the destiny of man. He impressed upon his young mind the great end of human life, and inspired him with the cheering hope that the time draweth nigh when all evil shall cease and happiness fill the earth as the waters the sea.

With these explanations the reader will not wonder that great thoughts early occupied the attention of Horace Melville.

When he first entered the Academy he had something of the rough exterior of the farmer and was shunned by the aristocratic students whose minds did not look below the surface of things. He, however, saw their failing, and being aware of the uncongeniality that must necessarily exist between them and him, preferred the quietude of his own study and the company of his own reflections. He accordingly applied himself to his books, feeling that brilliant success was requisite to overcome the prejudices against him, and that respect must be forced by genius from those reluctant to yield it. But a short period elapsed before he did force respect; for, taking his place in classes far in advance of him, he soon showed his fellow students that he could not only overtake them, but, like a meteor, dart by, leaving them eclipsed by his shadow. Such was his success in every effort, and such the high stand he took, that those who had been the leading spirits of the institution, were glad to ask his assistance.

Young Melville did not confine his attention alone to his Academical duties. Books did not afford him his noblest attainments—he regarded them in their true light as only aids to mental development. In fact he did not consider application to them worthy the appellation of study, regarding philosophical enquiry and an earnest meditation on the great things that fill earth and heaven, alone worthy of the title. Accordingly he devoted a morning and evening hour in walking out amid the inspiring scenery of nature that stretched far away in the rear of the Academy, that, undisturbed, he might pursue a train of improving thought. The Academy was located on a magnificent site. On the North was a neat and quiet Town; on the South and West were extensive and fruitful fields clothed in all the gorgeous array of early summer, while on the East were forests, and hills, and craggy steeps, valleys, flowing streams and gurgling brooks. This was a fortunate prospect to direct the mind of the student, and he who adored nature in her calmest or wildest moods could feel the true spirit of poetry enkindling his soul while roaming through the woodland, tracing the brooks as they ripple o'er their pebbly beds, and looking down from the hill-tops upon the clear waters of the lake.

Such was the scenery amid which young Melville loved to spend a morning hour while the dew-drops yet sparkled in the early light and when all was vocal with the joyous cadences of Nature's choir, for then he shared the general buoyancy. But after the studies of the day, when his thoughts took a more sober turn, and he was just melancholy enough to be spiritual, he loved to spend there the twilight hour where all is hushed in silence, and the shade of evening is gently mantling the prospect.

"In such a place as this, at such an hour

If aught of mystery can be believed,  
Descending Angels have communed with man  
And told the secrets of the world unknown."

On a clear evening as the sun was declining in the West and



gently withdrawing his mellow radiance from the forests and hills, until his farewell salutation bordered for a moment the upper outline where the foliage blends with the sky. Horace was indulging his favorite luxury and endeavoring to translate the poetic utterances of speechless nature. The wild flowers at his feet whispered of purity and love as they exhaled their delicious aroma; the stately trees as they stood together interlocking their arms and blending their foliage taught a lesson of unity and peace, and the mist that settled o'er the lake manifested the benevolence of the air in giving back that which the Sun had drawn from its bosom during the day. At length he began to interrogate the hills, the rocks and the valleys. "Whence are ye, and how long have you been here? What convulsions have lifted you up, ye rugged crags, and what deluge has plowed out the valleys? Ye brooks, how long have ye flowed and why do ye hasten to the mighty flood to be lost in the vastness of waters? Ah, here is another lesson of benevolence. Ye are traveling to the broad surface of the deep to be expanded into vapor, that rising in the air the breeze may waft ye to famishing lands on whose parched bosom ye will again descend in refreshing showers."

While our student was thus drawing upon the religious spirit of nature and framing his mind for communion with holier beings, a sudden enchantment seemed to be borne on the air. Melville started—looked around and above and appeared to ask, "what is that I hear so like the melody of Heaven?" Fuller, sweeter, and heartier the strains were sung and the hills and the forests seemed to be vocal with symphonious sounds. Such was the scenery around that the echo rendered it doubtful whether it was a song of an angel of the earth or an angel of the skies. Horace wrapped in the pleasing mystery stood intent upon the blue concave as though he expected a visitation of seraphs from above. At length—a happy thought—he sprang upon the brow of a hill whence a more extensive view could be had. He then could discover the direction of the sounds, the house, ay, the very window of the upper story in which appeared the form of the being who sang so mellifluously. He listened, and at the moment, the song was changed and distinctly could be heard through the hollow air the commencement of another.—

"O sweet are the moments as day is departing,  
The sun takes his evening farewell  
Saluting the brow of the wood-land and mountain  
That smile o'er the plain and the dell," &c.

Melville kept his attention upon the window and the person who occupied it, although he could not distinguish her real appearance. He conjectured the being he thought she must be. "I have heard it said," mused he, "that the tones of the voice indicate much of the character and appearance of individuals. Ah, if so, what can these enrapturing strains indicate but goodness, beauty and loveliness? But is she free? Is she the partner of another's joy and fortune?" As thus he soliloquized it is evident he began to feel the spirit of love nestling near his heart like the incense of flowers. Those stirring strains of soft melancholy had proved the winged messengers of the fair Deity. He had already pictured in his imagination the portrait of the sweet musician, and he felt a kind of presentiment that the real would even surpass the imaginary. Let not the reader laugh at the idea of music being the inspirer of deep, of heartfelt love. Why should it not be, when that music is the breathing of the spirit, and the true melody of the soul? It is evident in this case it was a sincere and deep gushing from within, for she seemed to sing entirely for her own pleasure and benefit. Love itself is but music—the music of two harmonizing hearts. When the parties are face to face it is a silent music until their souls are tuned for giving it utterance. Why then may not the voice communicate to one distant that which would be felt and spoken if present? But let philosophy go to the winds—the fact is before us.

After asking the above questions concerning the object of his heart's first yearning, he was for a moment in suspense and about to call back the emotions that had gone, and think only of the music. But presently another song was commenced as follows:—

"O, twilight is called the glad hour of love  
When the pledge of devotion is given  
Before the bright throne of the Goddess above  
And inscribed by her finger in Heaven," &c.

"I have it," exclaimed Horace, "I have it—she is mine. No one has yet obtained her first affection. But how shall I see her? how shall I introduce myself? Ah—but I have heard it said that at such a crisis we must not stand on ceremonies. The brave alone can win." As he said this, he started in the

direction of the house resolved to introduce himself, although he knew not of having seen or heard of a soul that resided there.

The house stood about fifty rods distant at the north, on a gentle declivity. It was of three stories, in excellent taste, surrounded by gardens blooming in all the magnificent beauties of Flora, with walks and arbors and luxuriant trees. Farther about were fields of grain, of meadow, and of pasture with growing herds, which proved the occupant to be a farmer on an extensive scale. All the display of taste about the premises showed him to be a man of high cultivation and exquisite taste. Were we to philosophize here, we should say, that a farmer thus enlightened and thus circumstanced has a fairer chance for enjoying unimpaired bliss and rearing a virtuous and happy family, than is afforded by any other pursuit or situation of life.

Melville passed down through the ravine and up the opposite hill toward the seat of his enchantment. Perhaps more thoughts were revolved in his mind during this short interval, than during any other equal period of his life. At length he arrived at the door and with a trembling hand rang the bell. The lady of the house appeared with, as is usual under such circumstances, an inquisitive look, but yet with a pleasant, matronly smile which seemed to give the assurance of welcome. Horace made haste to explain:

"I was just walking out after the close of the exercises of the Academy to refresh myself in the evening shades and was attracted hither by the charms that cluster around your residence."

"Walk into the parlor if you please, sir, we are gratified to see you," was the hearty response.

He gladly followed this excellent lady, and could not avoid thinking of his own noble mother—so much did her pleasant voice and her kindness resemble those of his dearest friend. As he handed her his hat and seated himself at her bidding, with the most delightful smile in the world she said:—

"Excuse me for requiring your name, that I may introduce my husband, Mr. Linwood, to entertain you."

"Horace Melville," was the timid reply.

"Horace Melville!" exclaimed she with a still brighter smile as though an old acquaintance had presented himself. "Horace Melville, who so recently came to the Academy and so speedily carried all the honors of the institution?"

"I know not so much about that," was the modest answer. "But such is my name, kind madam."

"Amuse yourself a moment, Mr. Melville," and she left the room.

The lady who just departed was commanding in her mien, of a well proportioned, robust constitution, about forty years of age and of highly intellectual and benevolent features. She was one of those glorious women who bless the world in their day and transmit their blessing to posterity. She soon returned again with her husband whom she presented with all ease and grace, and who also gave the warmest assurances of a hearty welcome. He was a man of hale appearance, a little older than his wife, with just white enough sprinkled among his locks to be venerable, of dignified bearing, with bright eyes and a pleasant countenance, of excellent conversational powers and possessing a rich fund of information. They at once entered into a free and easy converse—first concerning the Academy, the opportunities afforded the young who desire to get an education, and the hopes of the future afforded by the spirit of the present,—in all of which, Horace sustained himself admirably, manifesting a due deference to the superior authority of age. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood, always interested in a young person of spirit, of virtue and of promise were particularly pleased with the intelligence of Melville, and drew from him the whole history of his life. He had also, as the reader has before this suspected, the advantage of a fine personal appearance which readily commended him to strangers. He was of more than ordinary height, well proportioned, with dark eyes which beamed the deepest sincerity, an active countenance which most agreeably illumined in conversation and gave evidence of frankness without any desire of concealing his sentiments. He manifested the noblest generosity, the sublimest benevolence and a genial warmth of soul that is felt by all who may share his company. Though only about twenty years of age his features were dignified with a maturer cast of thought. The conversation, fortunately for Melville, finally turned upon music as a source of happiness, a refiner of the feelings, a cultivator of the sense of beauty, and a purifier of the taste. At this moment Julia Linwood appeared at the door, not expecting the presence of a stranger, and as she beheld the student a flush mantled her countenance. Melville could hardly restrain his emotions as

he beheld the full realization of his ideal. There she stood, with a tall and almost faultless figure, clothed in simple but neat attire, with dark blue eyes that charmed whomsoever met their gaze, with rosy cheeks and a face of rare beauty on which played a smile of exquisite loveliness. She was artless in her manners, but naturally majestic in her mien. No evidence of vanity could be discovered about her. She held in her hand a bunch of fresh flowers, the fitting emblems of her amiable qualities. As she stepped into the parlor it could be said of her as of that famous damsel of old,

"She looked a Goddess and she walked a queen."

Mrs. Linwood presented her daughter Julia, to Melville, who betrayed too much of the feeling that had been enkindled in his breast during the last hour not to awaken corresponding emotions in the heart of Julia whose total want of dissembling forced her to reciprocate the feelings of the stranger.

Julia being seated, the conversation on music was resumed in which she, with becoming modesty participated. Neither did her intellectual looks deceive her, for there was evidence of reflection in all she said. Melville insisted upon vocal music being far superior to all other and drew a lesson of Omnipotent goodness from the wonderful capacity of the human voice. He spoke of the circumstances under which he had been most affected by its melodies. Julia blushed as he referred to this item of his experience, for she comprehended his meaning, having discovered him from her window in his embarrassment on the hill and watched him as he approached the road passing in front of the house. To close the theme, Mrs. Linwood requested her daughter to accompany the piano with her voice for a few moments. She complied—and those full and perfect tones that won for her the heart of Melville were heard in all their power. It were useless to attempt a description of the pleasures of such music. No wonder he was half inclined, when these strains echoed among the hills, to doubt their earthly origin.

The song being sung, Mrs. Linwood proposed a visit to the garden—and the company forthwith departed. The last glimmering of day was yet lingering while the full moon was up in all her queenly beauty, and lent something of a picturesque appearance to the garden, though the rich coloring of the flowers was not displayed to so good advantage. Mr. Linwood explained the reasons which induced him and his companion to expend so much care and time in bringing the garden to so great perfection, and he must be dull indeed who could not be swayed by the same motives. He also gave the benefit of his experience in collecting and cultivating so many beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom, and Mrs. Linwood united her testimony to the inestimable pleasure they afforded and their holy influence on the mind. Melville and Julia were disposed to be silent listeners, if, indeed, they heard any thing but the voiceless language of the heart speaking to the spiritual ear through every expression of the countenance which the mind so mysteriously commands. That was truly an interesting group. There was Mr. Linwood and his companion who had passed the middle age, and yet were as keenly alive to all the emotions enkindled by nature as she beams on every hand, as when first they attained their youthful prime, and united their fortunes, full of animation, of joy and of hope. They had lived a full score of years in constant felicity, for they had risen above all the foibles of character which frequently disturb the peace of those even who generally appear happiest in each others society. They knew the sources of true enjoyment and had ever aimed to purify and enlarge the channels through which it flowed to the mind. Their love was not, neither had it been, that evanescent ebullition which is so often violent at first and found to subside when time has elapsed to test their stability of character. Theirs was a union of mind, of taste and of sympathies. They were true God-worshippers, for they saw Him in every object of creation, and to His perfections were their united aspirations. And there were Julia and Horace, so artless, so youthful and so excellent in heart, surrounded by such an array of natural beauty and loveliness, that all our fancies have painted of superior beings could scarcely seem to excel them. Though strangers but an hour before, yet they knew each other through that free communion of spirit which pure beings alone enjoy. They met, and mutually felt that a power above their control had decreed their union on Earth preparatory to that union in Heaven which shall last forever. At length they lingered behind their venerable associates, and conversed together in love's own simplicity and with those musical tones which ever receive their key and intonation from the physical and moral harmony of the person. The last rays of sunlight had departed and the moon of silver white had appeared



in her splendor. The stars, too, were opening their brilliant eyes from every quarter of the skies and seemed well pleased with the scene on which they gazed. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood had returned to the parlor, ere the young and happy couple were aware they were alone. They began now to retrace their steps, assuring each other by the way that they should meet again.

Let not the reader be astonished that Julia and Horace so well comprehended each other in so short a time. All who are disposed to ridicule it know little of the philosophy of mind. The usual caution and diffidence with which two individuals, whether male or female are drawn together, arises from their imperfection. The more they are in harmony with themselves—the more completely their spiritual natures are developed, the more readily will they understand each other and the more speedily will their union be consummated. It does not require words or long acquaintance to enable two of high spirituality to perfectly comprehend each other and read the mutual thoughts and affections. No, there is a communion that is not of words and when those whom nature herself has joined meet for the first time, they at once recognize in each other a counterpart. Such was the case with Julia Linwood and Horace Melville. Julia now had found the object of her soul's longing as manifested in the gentle melancholy of the strains she poured from her window, and Melville found the being suggested to him, by the spirit of that music.

They now returned to the house well pleased with the mutual enjoyments of the past hour. Her parents saw the import of their feelings and with deep emotions they silently expressed the benedictions they breathed in their behalf.

Melville now took leave of this noble family with many sincere expressions of gratitude for their kindness, which were reciprocated by Mrs. Linwood in telling him that they were happy in thinking they had a pledge of his frequent visits.

As he wended his way back to the Academy, Melville, with unspeakable joy revolved the many incidents that had transpired during the last two hours of his life, and could hardly persuade himself it was not all a dream. He was sure he had found one "altogether lovely," but would not such fortune prove fleeting as the moments that brought it? Ah! no, there was too much sincerity, intelligence and goodness there to be mistaken. Entering his room and striking a light he sat down and re-lived the incidents of the past two hours of his life. It was the first time that his young heart had been moved by the tender passion and he now knew that the pictures of imagination were faint representations of the reality. He was soon satisfied it was not all a dream. Reflections crowded upon him. When could they mutually claim their own and consummate their union? He had got much to do—he must complete his studies and be sure of success before he could conscientiously avow the responsibility. This seemed an age of time—but it must be done, and he felt a stronger incentive urging him on. He saw in the future a bright reward for every exertion. Hope rose more resplendent before him, and every mental effort afforded a great pleasure, inasmuch as it was so much done toward that consummation he so devoutly wished.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 81.)

#### THE ANGEL'S VISIT

The earth was at rest, and the evening air  
Seemed like the breath of an infant sleeping,  
And stars stole forth, like fancies fair  
That come in the light of the mother's prayer,  
When love is her vigils keeping.

But the mother felt in her trembling breast  
That the angel's presence was o'er her;  
And she shook with a nameless fear distressed,  
As she bowed like a reed by the dews oppressed,  
To guard her dear babe before her.

The cloud gathered as dark as the funeral pall,  
The midnight winds were sighing,  
And the mother's tears like the rain drops fall:  
She hath heard the soft notes of the angels, call,  
And she knows that her babe is dying.

The sun was bright as the morning sky,  
As when the first smile was given,  
And the angel soars to his home on high,  
While faith reveals to the mother's eye  
That he bears her sweet babe to heaven.

## The Arts.

FOR THE CASKET.

### POETRY OF ART.

NO. IV.

BY J. G. DUNN, M. D.

Whilst enjoying the luxury and magnificence which glittered within the Medician Palace, instead of bending to the callings of temptation, we find Angelo assiduously penetrating those themes which were to yield him knowledge of his Art.

Not a subject, not an idea which bore any distinct relation to art or science, escaped the keenness of his observation. The revelry of the joyous hall—the wild glee of youthful associates were unable to entice him from the severity of his studies. He preferred the all-absorbing happiness of deep thought, to the winged pleasures of dissipation. He courted the society of high-toned intellects, and rejoiced in the companionship of men whose lives had been expended in the furtherance of literature, or in searching for philosophic truth.—He delighted in such mental associations and stood conspicuous amid the wits and Literati of the imperial city. In the pursuit of literature, Architecture, Poetry and Anatomy he applied himself with the utmost assiduity. For his proficiency in Architecture let St. Peter's speak; for love of poetry, his intense studies of the sublimities of Dante, and for his anatomical attainment, to the muscular grandeur of his mighty pictures, together with twelve years of arduous labor and dissection.

In his love of Dante we can easily discover the principal characteristic of his taste. The sublimities of such an author are not to be appreciated by an inferior imagination. An Artist who prefers the abominable indecencies of Hudibras to the elevated, and intellectual imaginings of a Dante, a Milton, or a Shelley, will most assuredly design pictures characteristic of that preference. He who is cursed with so gross a taste, cannot with the eagle's eye, look upon the highest light of Art. His imagination becomes vitiated by low and contaminating associations of thought until it is so far sunken in the gulf of mental pollution, that high and noble aspirations will be totally unable to unseal his intellectual might. Instead of adding to the congregation of his nation's glories—instead of giving birth to designs which should promote the elevation of human nature, and of human events, his most brilliant visions will be but delineations of the shameful degradation with which God's image becomes so often clothed. He hangs merely to the skirts of Art, like a degraded individual upon the confines of decency, entirely devoid of that lofty and intellectual power which clothes the genuine Artist in the regal robes of mind. He deals in the most degraded embodiment of human passion, while the grander, the more spiritual propensities of our nature flee disgusted from his polluting grasp. His works can but produce a similar effect with the monkey who dances to the organ in the street,—they excite the mirthful propensities of the mind but possess none of those sublime and glorious qualities of Poetic Art which require refinement of intellect for their due appreciation.

How will the last judgement of Angelo, compare with the sottish, brute-like aspect, of a group of loafers by Teniers?—The one might well stand the most glorious gem in the sanctuary of its author's God, while the most appropriate province of the other can be but to add new filth of thought to the mock happiness of the halls of a Grisette! The one speaks to the intellect which has undergone the refining process of noble associations and classical education—the other to the baser passions of the Billingsgate bully—the vitiated and depraved imagination!

Angelo clothes the human form with the intellectual grandeur of a god—Teniers with all the filthiest indications of a brute.

Whose footsteps shall the American Artist follow? Those which tend to light our nation with immortal works, or those which of necessity lead to a degraded style of Art?

A most painful question! A most painful answer!—the source of deep mental sorrow to all who love the classical beauties of the profession! Alas, we live in an age of intellectual degradation. The genuine Poetry of both Art and language has become the victim of the contaminating influence of effeminate refinements. Physical and mechanical improvements have risen in sudden climax over intellectual progression. The store house of the intellect is left empty that wardrobes and coffers may become full.

The garnish of mental qualifications has been deserted for embellishments of dress. Philosophy is swiftly advancing towards perfection, but alas, her touch is leprous, her breath withering! She breathes upon the paradise of poetry and lo, the spicy flowers,—the trees that dropped fragrance from

their branches, and the pearly fountains flee away, whilst paraphernalia of utilitarian improvements, spreads the sacrilege of its borrowed beauty o'er the hallowed soil. Oh give us again those good old days, when men preferred the worship of natural glories to the egotistic admiration of the productions of their own hands. Poetry was then superior to mechanism; but, alas! she has been gradually experiencing an unholy change. Where is there a great Poet now walking in the path of fame! Is there at this time an American Painter laboring in the highest walks of Art? Nay! The boldness, the purity, the real nobility of the profession has given place to the effeminacy of what modern artists denominate tenderness of color, and to the gewgaws of fashion. But still greater are the injurious influences of that passion for the more loathsome style of Art which seems to be the predominant feature of modern taste. The spirits of Hogarth and Teniers are gradually undergoing a resurrection from their bed of artistic leprosy, and their polluting influence is spreading a mental darkness over the divinity of Art. Happy indeed would it be did their Art-murdering tendency extend no farther than to intellects that never soared above the conception of an intoxicated brute or a brawl in a den of hot-blooded beasts; but it has entered the region of more ethereal propensities! It has spread its mental leprosy over noble minds,—it has withered the budding germs of classic taste, and withdrawn the congenial sunshine of a higher Art from those intellectual scions which God had intended for a high, a noble, and a spiritual development.

Our gifted Alston is dead—a pillar has fallen in the temple of Art, and with it, the glories which it upheld seem tottering fast to ruin and prostration.

By the ingratitude of our nation, the noble intellect of a Morse has been driven from the arcana of imagination and buried with all its poetic brilliancy in the depths of philosophic research. The skill of a Sully which gave birth to that pure and classic effort, "Washington crossing the Delaware," has forgotten the purity of its early love, and descended to an effeminate order of style which is the complete ruin of all Artists who are ambitious of becoming his imitators. More than once have we seen Artists wending their way Westward who, upon being accosted, would cry in a triumphant tone, "why sirs, we were students under Sully," and the claim needed no diplomatic proof, for the china-ware faces, and brick-dust cheeks which were the daily abortions of their pencils were indisputable sources of confirmation.

But at this crisis of intellectual decay, to whom are we to look for antiseptic power? Who shall replace upon the brow of Art her crown of purity—her diadem of poetic principles? Lo! To the Sculptor! The god of his artistic worship is the human form. The difficulty of tricks of color rears no obstruction to his progress. His temptations to depart from the course of correct principles are but few. No fashionable opinion can have an injurious influence upon the tone of his works. Does he model a bust, he has no rouge, no necklace, no earrings to embody;—no modern and apish drapery stiffens the form; the shoulders swell into naked and luxuriant beauty and no one is found so lost in the idiocy of mock delicacy as to blush at the glorious sight. He deals in a pageantry of beauties—a multiplicity of graceful and sweeping outlines—of rich and swelling contours. His draperies fall in classic folds, unsullied by any succession of tintings. At one grasp he seizes the commingled beauties of the human form, and his works stand forth embellished with all that climax of noble expression which is the attendant of feature or position! Beauty glows from each and every member, now no longer stone, and intellect kindles upon the marble glory, her mysterious warmth—a happy and a spiritual delight.

Ay, here is to be the source of purification. A Powers is spreading o'er the world his resurrections of Grecian glories, and proving to the world that Sculpture is the purest, the noblest branch of Art. Many are following in his footsteps—many are rising in our Western land to eminence. They are leaving their nets upon the sterile shores of a lower grade of Art and becoming fishers after loftier glories. Go on! ye who have the moral bravery to strive against the aggressions of fashion! Go on, though daubers hiss, though copiers scoff, still go on in the laudable task of purification! Strive for the genuine beauties of the human form—concentrate the charms which adorn it, and while the night of ages shall roll o'er the works of portrait painters or Hogarthian Artists, your productions shall enjoy the lasting light of intellectual admiration. Truth is unchangeable—grace can never perish! and in the language of the talented and lamented Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"



## Random Sketches,

FOR THE CASKET.

LEAVES FROM A SOLDIER'S LIFE.  
NO. I.

BY GUY LANGLEY.

As I stated, in a former No., that I should under this head give a series of articles from papers put in my possession, by the old soldier, whom I then introduced to the reader, I herewith begin. I have translated and arranged them to the best of ability, and shall give them nearly verbatim et literatim.

## EARLY REMINISCENCE.

The first events in a man's life, if they be more than ordinary, are calculated to produce the strongest and most lasting impressions. The heart is then green, and capable of receiving and retaining trifles, far more than in after years, when the cares and vicissitudes of life have made it more hard and dull to the outer sense.

The first part of my life has been marked with scenes so bloody, so atrocious, that they seem seared on my very soul, as with red-hot irons, and can only be erased with death itself.

I was born in the sunny land of France, in the year of our Lord 1778. My father, Count De la Mar, was a nobleman, who, at the time of my birth, stood in high repute,—and was even looked up to, in matters of importance, by many of the nobility. My first, my earliest recollections, are of splendor, and a life of ease. Rich in wealth, rich in mind, the company and home of my father were sought by the first and most intelligent of the land. But alas! and alas!—the scenes that followed, shortly after, were well calculated to wipe out every happy impression; and yet there are moments when my mind reverts to those glorious days with feelings of pride, time cannot efface. Perhaps I have more reason to look back with pride, from the fact, that being an only child, I was looked upon and treated as the heir apparent to the estates of De Auvergne, and La Mar—such being the possessions of my father, hereditary and acquired by his marriage with my mother,—and, too, that having lost my mother—who died in giving me birth—my father lavished his affections upon me, in profusion, treating me almost as an equal, while yet, as 'twere, in infancy. I was early taught to ride, hunt, fence, and instructed daily in the military tactics, for which, even then, I had a strong predilection. Well do I remember the ease with which I could drive my nail, at thirty yards, while only five years old, to the great astonishment of even veterans, who good humoredly pronounced me a prodigy, and smilingly requested me never to challenge them to duel, as they had no desire to fight so great a marksman.

Whatever other tendency these things might have on one of my years, they at least had that of making me feel my own importance, and of making me consider myself a man, ere I had passed the Rubicon of youth.

Oh! could we but see, in youth, what is in store in that great, darkly veiled future, how many of us would pause, amid our sounds of mirth, and with pale cheeks, and quivering lips, and trembling limbs, pray God to shut the prospect from us, and seal us with the hand of death!

My father—poor ill-fated man—well do I remember him; that noble king-like form, and almost austere countenance—that dark gray eye and massive forehead—those dark brown curling locks, that floated in such profusion over his neck and shoulders at thirty-five—that mouth, that lip and chin, whose every expression was of command, decision, pride and generosity. Well do I remember him, alas! that I could forget his horrible end; for when I think, the scene rises before me, my blood curdles, and it seems as if I were beset with demons, and growing mad; and then such thoughts! such thoughts! Mon Dieu!

Oh, France! sunny, glorious, bloody, France! thou sweet asylum of beauty—thou terrible asylum of horror! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what have thy sons not seen! At once the most exalted, at once the most debased;—now rolling in the splendor of virtue, wealth, and power—now sunk below the brute, in debauchery and crime—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! thy waking to Judgment will be terrible!

In the days of my youth, Louis XVI, that kind, indulgent, but vacillating and unhappy monarch, was on the throne. He was, take him all in all, a rather singular man; and his whole career was marked by a wavering, fluctuating mind, and an eternal halting between two opinions—sometimes the monarch, sometimes the subject. Had Louis XVI been other than he was,—had more of the iron of his ancestors been in his

nerve,—France had not groaned, and drank the blood of her flowers of chivalry, and her daughters had not wept that the protecting arm was dead. But the ruler of the Universe had ordained it, and so it was fulfilled. Oh! then were times when men's hearts did weep, and then grow stony and laugh at blood!

Well do I remember hearing my father talk of the times, and predict what would, what must, in the order things were progressing, come to pass.

Day by day, year by year, steadily, but surely, were all things quickening for the great drama of death and woe—carnage and crime.

In the years 1787, and 1788, great dissatisfaction arose in regard to the finances of France, by which Louis was fast losing favor,—and in 1789, the Tiers Etat assumed control—nobles were thrown down—and the power of the King was as the weak arm of a child. But why should I dwell on what all know, who have read the progress of those terrible scenes which revolutionized France, and poured the blood of her nobles and citizens upon the soil, as it were water, which could wash out the sins of misgovernment. No, no, Mon Dieu! I shall pass on to scenes of individual horror, when my eyes saw nought but red, and my limbs were paralyzed with sights of butchery.

Strange—strange—how blood will call for blood, until even women and children look upon their victims and laugh, and demons arise in human shape whose awful thirst could scarce be equalled by the master fiends of hell!

The first outbreak, or, rather, the first great popular scene of outrage and violence in this terrible drama—wherein a body of masculine female fiends, accompanied by a few males, marched from Paris to Versailles, and there insulted in the most outrageous manner and attempted the assassination of Marie Antoinette, the Queen, and their subsequent march back to Paris, bearing the King and Queen with them as prisoners, and their loathing and disgusting insults to those unhappy people,—formed a great epoch in the history of France, and in my own life—for, unfortunately, I witnessed it all—ay, all—all! Oh! Mon Dieu! I have seen many sights since, that froze my blood, but I never have seen one wherein I felt as then. It was the first great fatal blow aimed at Royalty, and I felt that the days of the Nobility were numbered—and true, they were. But a short period elapsed, ere all titles were destroyed, to even the simple one of Monsieur and Madame, which were thrown into disregard, as being obnoxious in the view of the SOVEREIGN plebeians!

But I shall pass on to that memorable day, the 10th of August, 1792, when all Paris trembled at the dreadful sound of the tocsin, that was to arouse her people to insurrection and murder,—and when, in company with my father, I repaired to the Tuilleries where the King and Queen were confined as prisoners.

Poor unhappy monarch! Never shall I forget the look of woe which sat, like a bird of evil omen, upon the brow of the noble, unfortunate Louis XVI. On the day in question, he was dressed in a plain mourning robe of purple, and his face was haggard and pale, and his eye restless and wandering, apparently with a lack of firmness. He evidently felt that his end was approaching, for he would often stand with hands crossed on his breast, his eyes cast upward with a devout look, while the howlings of an enraged populace were ringing in his ears, with cries of, "death to the tyrant"—"down with the Bourbons."

With a show of resistance, however, he called to his aid about a thousand faithful Swiss soldiers—the only army now on which he could rely, with the exception of about four hundred grenadiers, and the small relics of the once strong Royalists—of whom my father, who held a command, and myself formed a part—joined to the domestics and attendants of the royal family, amounting in all to about four or five hundred more. And these, handful as they were, were all that was left to combat for the life of a monarch of the illustrious line of Bourbon, against nearly all France, headed and pushed on by those devil incarnate, the Jacobins. Add to this, that our party, most of them, were unable to arm themselves with any thing but rapiers, hangers, and here and there a pistol, which was rendered almost useless by lack of ammunition—of which even the Swiss guards, themselves, had but a few rounds—and this against blood thirsty thousands, well provided.

But fear was not with us; we felt the trying hour was come, and we resolved to stand firmly to our posts and die without a murmur. It was my first adventure, in aught of the kind, and I actually longed to try my skill on some of the rebel fiends.

Had Louis at this critical juncture, when the enemy were approaching the palace from without, but put himself at the

head of his determined men, and sallied forth, I verily believe the terrible tale of the bloody Revolution of France, had never been recorded. But here, at the very moment when all his energies were needed to strike a decisive blow, he wavered, faltered, and, finally, for fear of shedding blood, of which he had great horror, he gave up his person to the National Assembly—thereby destroying his last, his only hope, of retaining even the semblance of the power of a King. From that moment, the reign of the Bourbon was no more.

Sorely did this wound the feelings of the high spirited, beautiful, Marie Antoinette; who, during the whole perilous scene, behaved herself with a firmness and dignity that would have done credit to a Spartan mother. Never shall I forget her look, as she walked in all the majesty of the Queen of France through the halls of the palace, animating, by her every expression, the youth and the veterans, of whom, strange medley though it was, our party were composed; and though she entreated, with tears in her eyes, many of her old defenders whose heads were now white with the frosts of eighty winters, not to fight for her, that they were too feeble, yet her look and words only bound them the more strongly to her, and with quivering lips, but with a firmness not to be shaken, they replied: "We have lived long; our time is near, we will gladly die for France and our sweet Queen."

Never have I seen more majesty, nobility and beauty combined, than I saw this day in Marie Antoinette. Her form was tall, erect and commanding; her forehead broad and fair; her eyes brilliant as diamonds—while her aquiline nose and Austrian lip gave her all the sublime dignity of a goddess. As she heard the insulting shouts of the cursed Jacobins,—VIVE LA NATION, as they approached the palace—her form expanded, her nostrils dilated, her eyes flashed, her lips curled, and snatching a pistol from the belt of my father, who was standing near, she thrust it into the hands of Louis, exclaiming—

"Go, Louis XVI! now is the moment to show these rebels thou art the King of France!"

Had he done so, had he mounted a horse, and put himself at the head of the National Guards, who now occupied the Tuilleries, this day had been the last of the Revolution. But he trembled, the pistol fell from his hands, which he placed before his eyes as if to shut out some horrid vision. At length he seemed to summon a little resolution; and with a dejected heart-broken mein made a short address to the troops who occupied the palace, and the courts of the Tuilleries, which was answered with shouts of VIVE LA ROI. This seemed to inspire him a little, and he proceeded to the Gardens; but here his reception was far more cool, some of the Guards who were dissatisfied, even having the audacity to shout "Down with the tyrant." Louis returned to the palace with a sad countenance, and I could plainly see by his look, that he felt his reign was over. The palace had by this time become completely surrounded by the Jacobin insurgents who had filled the Point Royale bridge, and mounted the Quai, on the opposite side of the river with about fifty pieces of cannon, ready, at a moment's warning, for their terrible work of death.

At this critical moment of indecision in Louis, a messenger arrived informing him that if he would put himself under the protection of the National Assembly, blood should be spared—an offer which he eagerly accepted, but which the Queen in the most haughty terms rejected, saying she would rather be nailed to the walls of the palace, than suffer such dishonor and degradation. But Louis prevailed, and it was with the most profound regret I saw him leave the palace with the Queen, and his children,—while we, not having any orders to the contrary, remained—as coming events proved—for a terrible scene of inhuman, hellish butchery.

## TO-MORROW.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHATEVER the grief that dims my eye,

Whatever the cause of sorrow,

We turn us weeping to the sky

And say, "we'll smile to-morrow."

And when from those we love we part,

From hope we comfort borrow,

And whisper to our aching heart,

"We'll meet again to-morrow."

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still

An image of to-day,

Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,

Still mourn we those away.

And when that morrow too is past,

(A yesterday of sorrow;)

Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last,

With visions of to-morrow.



## Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JUNE 17, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

## OUR PAPER.

This week it will be seen is nearly ALL ORIGINAL MATTER, again; and, too, such articles as we are confident will please our readers, which is our continual aim. We have on hand several communications which shall be duly attended to. By the way, we must return our thanks to the Misses CAREY for their excellent poems,—received just as we were going press,—one or two of which will appear next week.

## THE WAR.

From what information we can glean, in the present state of affairs, we have come to the conclusion, if we conquer Mexico, we have much to do, for it seems they are determined to fight it out. That we shall, eventually conquer, if we continue to fight, no one will doubt that knows anything of American valor. But, like the Florida war, the struggle may be wearying and protracted, unless by a bold move, we strike at once to the heart and make the Mexican territory tremble to her very centre. This can only be done by raising an immense army and marching at once to the city of Mexico. If we get that in our possession, we have then that strong hold of her, that sooner or later, she will be forced to yield.

But there are many things to do, to take this city, which are worthy of cool, deliberate consideration. It is one thing to say what we can do, and another thing to do what we say,—and though we preach loudly to the world of American force and American bravery every word of which is true, we should not forget that we have to fight a nation, well skilled in warfare UPON THEIR OWN SOIL—supported by almost impregnable defences, backed by a climate to which we are unused. Now there is a great difference between fighting for conquest and defending the homes, the altars, and fire-sides of our fathers; and the man that abroad would do but little, when placed on his own door sill, to defend his own hearth, would be almost invincible.—This is why the English, with their great armies, met with no better success, when, as invaders of our soil, they were repulsed by a handful, as 'twere, of rough, but strong hearted, determined men; and this is our position when we enter Mexico, and as we said before, it is only by a strong move that we can accomplish our object.

Gen. Paredes is now rallying all the men he can, to reinforce the army at the North, and there is no doubt but some fifty or one hundred thousand Mexican troops will be brought into the field. To carry this through, the Government has determined to force loans from the different churches, the aggregate of which amounts to over two hundred thousand dollars per month, which demand, however, we learn from the Mexican press, they are totally inadequate to meet. Be that as it may they will undoubtedly raise a large sum and a large number of men who will fight to the best of their ability.

Now in order to take the city of Mexico effectually, we first need the key, Vera Cruz, which latter place we have already blockaded, but which is most strongly defended by the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa; and to show the strength of which, we make an extract from one of our exchanges:

"The castle is circular and strongly built, and heavily mounted. Its principal strength, however, is in its position, inaccessible except by water, and its guns pointing every way, leaving no side to the attack of an enemy. It stands alone on a small rocky island, on one side of the main entrance to the harbor, and only about half a mile from the wall of the city, and consequently has complete command of the port. The entrance on the other side is so barred with broken reefs and ledges, that it can only be used by small craft in favorable weather. When it was taken by the French in 1839, it was in a wretched condition. The armament had been entirely neglected, and there were no engineers of any pretension to science. And after all it resisted a very hot attack, with a reasonable hope of success, until the chance lodgement of a shot in the magazine blew it up. Since that time it has been very thoroughly repaired. The fortification has been entirely rebuilt. A large number of heavy guns, some of them Piaxhans have been mounted—a force of about three thousand men, competent and skilful English and French engineers, have the direction of the works; and the whole is under command of Gen. Bravo, one of the ablest and bravest generals in the Mexican service."

It will be seen by this, that it will necessarily require an

immense power and force to accomplish this first undertaking even if we succeed at all. In the second place, we must recollect that the city of Mexico is also very strongly fortified, and is situated inland, some 400 miles from Vera Cruz, containing a population in the neighborhood of 150,000. Many of its churches contain an immense amount of wealth, so that it is not reasonable to suppose its citizens will throw open their gates or evacuate it without a struggle. Add to this that our army will have to travel on foot—carry most of their provision, and all of their ammunition, at a distance of over 1,000 miles from their own soil; and then have to bombard the city, probably,—subjected to annoyance from the desperate RANCHEROS—to say nothing of the main army of the Mexicans and climate, the former of which will be ready to seize every advantage to battle, and reduce our men,—and a pretty fair estimate may be formed of the tremendous work we have undertaken.

## DEARBORN VOLUNTEERS.

This company, which was formed in Lawrenceburgh, left on Wednesday last for their rendezvous at New Albany. The patriotism of the Lawrenceburgh ladies would not allow them to depart, however, without some testimonial to bear with them, and, accordingly, they went to work—raised subscription—purchased and made them a beautiful silk flag, which was presented on the morning of their departure, in the presence of a large portion of the citizens.

An appropriate address was delivered in behalf of the ladies, by Miss Fanny Guard, which was replied to by the Captain of the Volunteers, J. H. Lane—in the course of which, the whole company took a solemn oath, by Almighty God! that they would defend the Stars and Stripes to the last—and we believe they will do it. Whatever they may be as citizens, and many of them we know are highly respectable, we boldly say, in all confidence, should they engage in battle, they will never disgrace the land of their birth. Such are the men Columbia needs—such are the men she has!

After this ceremony was through, they got themselves in readiness as soon as possible, and marched to the levee.

While awaiting the arrival of the boat, which was to bear them from their homes—from all they held dear—many of them, probably, forever—a short, appropriate prayer was offered up in their behalf by the Rev. Mr. Eddy.

At length the boat arrived, the parting salutations were given, and we saw the eyes of many a lady—of whom there were a large number in attendance—bedewed with tears, as they came to the final farewell. They embarked on board, and amid their own and the cheers of the citizens, the shrill warlike notes of the fife and the roll of the drum, they were borne away.

Well, they have gone to fight the battles of their country, to suffer danger and hardship for us, and the least we can do is to say God bless and prosper them, and in their behalf, and that of all others similarly engaged, offer up orisons of protection to the God of hosts.

## TREMENDOUS FIRE.

The town of Warren, (Ohio we believe,) has been the scene, lately, of a terrible conflagration—by which nearly the whole village has been reduced to ashes! We extract a notice of it, from the Dollar Newspaper, Phil.

"On the 1st inst., the greater portion of the flourishing village of Warren was reduced to ashes. One whole square, in which were the Post-office, two printing offices, the Democrat and Herald, a large row of dry goods and business establishments, some twenty in number, were entirely consumed, together with barns, out-houses, &c. The entire number of buildings burned is estimated at nearly one hundred. The Cleveland Herald says:—A friend who was present at the conflagration supposes the loss of property must be some \$135,000—a loss proportionably more severe than the great Pittsburg fire. Many of the goods removed and piled in the public square were either burned or much injured by water.—The town was destitute of an efficient fire engine, or much of the loss might have been avoided. The insurance, it is said, was mostly Mutual.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—In Lawrenceburgh, on Wednesday last, a child of Richard H. Maston, aged 9 months, was almost instantly killed by falling from the second story of a house on Walnut street, to the porch below. It survived about an hour. This should prove a serious warning to mothers, to be careful how they leave their children, as the sad accident occurred by the child pushing open the shutters of a window, which were on a level with the bed whereon its mother had left it but a few moments previous.

## OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the death of SHELDON HINE, of Berlinville, Erie county, Ohio,—the father of our esteemed friend and contributor, L. A. HINE—who, for a month or so past, has been sojourning with us, and who was unexpectedly called away on Saturday last, by the receipt of this sad intelligence. Mr. Hine knew nothing of the sickness of his father, who was confined about ten days, his brother having neglected to inform him of it, by supposing that he was already on his way home. Consequently the arrival of a letter stating that his father was dead, and buried forever from his sight, was well calculated to give the strong nerve a shock, and make the man, the child.

The wife of the deceased was away on a visit to Connecticut, and we believe most of the family were scattered—so that when the mother and her children, brothers and sisters, meet over the grave of a dearly beloved father and husband, it will be a sad, a solemn meeting; and though personally unacquainted with all, but our friend, yet to him, and through him to the remainder of the family, do we tender our sincere regret for their irreparable loss and our heartfelt sympathies in their hour of tribulation and bereavement.

## THE CASKET.

Reader, at the risk of being thought a little vain, we are going to copy some two or three notices of our paper, from sources which we consider highly creditable, and for which the editors of the respective papers will please accept our thanks, and a reciprocity of feeling, for their kind wishes and warm commendations.

**THE CASKET.**—This is the name of a beautiful and entertaining literary periodical, edited and published in this city by EMERSON BENNETT and J. H. GREEN, Esqrs. Mr. Bennett is an experienced writer, with whose racy tales and sketches the public have long been familiar; and Mr. Green in his peculiar department, is equalled by few for pathos and power of description. We commend this paper very cheerfully to the public, believing they will find it a Casket filled with rare gems.—[GOODMAN'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

**THE CASKET.**—We have received Nos. 6 and 7 of the first volume of a very neatly printed quarto sheet, published by J. H. GREEN, Cincinnati, Ohio, printed by JOHN B. HALL, (who, from the nicety of his typography, seems to be a "chip of the same block" of his namesake who prints the Odd Fellow,) and edited by EMERSON BENNETT, of Lawrenceburgh, Indiana. We have not seen a paper this long time that we could more cordially welcome to an exchange than this pretty Casket, filled to the brim with gems of literature, wit and news, and chaste moral sentiments. Will the publisher please send us the back numbers?—[ODD FELLOW, BOSTON, MASS.

¶ We have received numbers four and five of the "CASKET," a literary paper, published at Cincinnati under the editorial control of Emerson Bennett, Esq. The Casket presents a neat appearance in point of typography, and its matter evinces that proper care is bestowed upon it by one fully qualified for the undertaking.

Mr. Bennett is a good writer, and so long as he has such correspondents as Mrs. Oliver and L. A. Hine, there need be no fears about the contents of the Casket. We can wish nothing better for the paper than that it may receive that patronage to which its merits properly entitle it.—[BLADE, RISING SUN, IND.

We might give some twenty-five more of a similar kind, but, really, we are too modest.

**THE ODD FELLOW.**—We have received several Nos. of a beautiful paper of this title, published in Boston, Mass., by COCHRAN, COLE & Co., and edited by L. H. M. COCHRAN Esq. It is a neatly printed quarto, devoted to the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship and literature, and we wish it the best of success. It is now on its third volume \$2.00 per annum.

**HERALD OF TRUTH.**—We have received the 1st and 2nd Nos. for May and June, of a work of this title, published in Madison, Ind., B. F. Foster, Editor and proprietor, and devoted to expositions of scripture, doctrinal and practical essays, &c. The magazine is neatly gotten up and contains 24 pages of matter, much of which is original from talented writers. One dollar per annum in advance.

¶ The highest tax paid by one individual in Boston is \$6,507; the highest in New York is about \$34,000; the highest in Cincinnati not far from \$8,000.—[GOODMAN'S DETECTOR.



## Original Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

## THE DEVIL'S ARM-CHAIR.—A LEGEND OF 17—.

BY A SEA-BIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

Very beautiful, was a dusky maiden, who reclined languidly upon the rich green sward, which skirted at that point, the shores of the Ohio. The morning was gorgeous with sunshine, and the light wind came past from the shadowy nooks of the forest, lifting with its scented breath the ebony locks of the young girl from her chiseled shoulders, sweeping over the grass, bending and shading it, seeming like the ripples of an emerald sea, and making the myriad leaves of the old wood, beat joyously, in the opal'd rays of the pure morning.

Away in the dim recesses of the forest, glancing through leafy covert and "bosky dell," might be seen the timid fawn and spotted deer, gamboling securely in the cooling shades. Beautiful, calm, and tranquil was the scene. A hare, startled by some foreign sound, bounded timidly over the turf, and disappeared in the dense wood. The maiden roused by the sound, swept back the locks which had fallen over her face, and starting like a gazelle, with her beautiful head partially erect and her eyes bright with expectation, looked whence the interruption. A few moments she remained in this posture, but at length became restless, and flinging into the stream a bunch of early violets which she had knotted with her hair, arose to seek her wigwam. A light laugh met her ear, and turning, she recognized a youth, whose high, pale brow, told his race. He had just emerged from a low thicket, which intercepted the lowland from the densely wooded mountains, which stretch far down the river, gradually lessening, till the range is lost. Leaping quickly across the path, he rescued the flowers from the water, and gaily kissing the band of raven hair that bound them, placed them 'neath his vest near his heart. A bright light gleamed in the maiden's eyes, and the soft low notes of her voice, broke forth in an Indian exclamation, which sent the youth swiftly to her side.

"Nay my sweet sister," he said, "lay aside this barbarous dialect, which savors too much of wampum and the tomahawk, and speak, for this time at least, the white man's tongue, in which through our good missionary's instructions, you have become such an adept."

She made in broken English some laughing rejoinder, and they passed on; the youth gazing earnestly on the spirited loveliness of the young Wyandotte, while something of sadness stole into his glance, that one so highly and gently endowed by nature, should waste her sweetness, unmarked by any save the rude savage, who could not appreciate her nobleness, and among whom there was no kindred spirit to waken the slumbering feelings of her nature. He listened to her wild ebullitions of delight, as some beautiful or grand work of nature was presented to view, or heard her rich and strong metaphors relating to morals or the affections, upon which he adroitly directed her attention, and scanned with anxious, almost unaccountable scrutiny, the character of her mind and heart, as depicted in her conversation. He found all simplicity, nobleness, truth; one of Nature's gentlewomen. They parted till the lengthened shadows should darken on the opposite hill, when she was going to introduce her companion to a new and beautiful scene, which should be seen but by moonlight.

Gerald Monteith, the hero of our tale, was the last scion of a lordly race. Having gone to England to take possession of his maternal estates, he was blindly induced to command a regiment of infantry, who were about to embark to engage in the war, then raging between the colonies and the mother country. After discovering the claims of the colonists, the unjust and disgraceful conduct of the officers, and the cruelty of the soldiers, sanctioned by their superiors, his brave spirit disdained to battle against the defenders of their rights, and he plunged far into the western wilds, farther than prudence warranted. His brave and manly bearing, pleasing and just demeanor, shielded him, where one less gifted, would have been unmolested a victim to the crafty savage. A small company of fur traders, had penetrated to a distance down the Ohio, and his venturesome spirit, quickly joined him to their number. It was there he met the beautiful Wyandotte, whose graces, unacknowledged, detained him by her side.

Naplebud, or Mary, as she had allowed the faithful missionary to baptize her, was already betrothed to a young warrior of a neighboring tribe, who had great influence among his people, and who through skill as a hunter and prowess as a

brave, had won great renown. Proud was the chieftain of his destined bride, and he would fain have lessened the moons which would wane before their bridal. A contention between some adjacent tribes had called for his assistance, and he departed with a band of chosen braves, to win glory with success; even now he was expected.

## CHAPTER II.

The sultry hours of noon passed lazily away, and a light breeze sprung up toward the sinking of the weary god, whose ruddy glow yet lingered on the advancing shadows of the huge Sycamores and giant Oaks, casting bold glances athwart the timid flowers which looked from the long blades of grass, sweet emblems of all things pure and holy. Several canoes filled with painted savages, shot swiftly down the stream, the long tough paddles, bending with the strength of the sinewy arms which propelled them. A glad shout burst forth as they leaped from their light barks, and lifting them high on the bank, bounded across the open space, and disappeared in the depths of the wood.

The silver moon shed its solemn light on the waves and the forest, shining glimmering through the dark aisles and fantastic columns of the stately trees, distorting the gnarled limbs into strange shapes, as of demons, palaces, rocks, or angels with starry wings, and sporting with all quaint forms, as if with joy. There was one spot, where the moon-beams played with a more mellow light, and the silver crested ripples, curled with a happy, gurgling sound, as of laughter. Gerald and Mary lingered in that haunted spot; with so lovely a companion, in so lovely a scene, is it wondrous that feelings which before were vague and undefined, should concentrate themselves into burning words? That Gerald Monteith, spurning the barriers of nature, should pour forth his mighty passion in the ear of his raptured listener? There beneath the pure eye of night, he breathed to the untutored forest maiden, vows pure and holy, to cherish and protect her whose heart thrilled with unspeakable happiness, and who clung to him with an affection stronger than words can tell. He told in earnest words, of the happiness of the marriage state in the old world, and drew from her a ready promise to be his, when circumstances should render it practicable to claim her as his bride.

Strong barriers rose between them: on the one hand the antipathy of the chieftain, her father, to give his daughter in marriage to a pale-face; on the other, the indignation and savage resentment of Owatoga, her affianced husband, the first intimation of which would raise a tempest in his soul, which nought but blood could quell. Gerald entertained hopes, that furs or gold would appease the father, while by secrecy and despatch, they might elude the lover.

A slight rustling of the leaves, and the crackling of a dried stick, as though by a footstep, met their ears.

"Hush! we are followed," said Mary; but the rising of a flock of wild geese, which for a moment almost darkened the air, allayed their apprehensions, and Gerald pushing aside the underbrush, satisfied himself they were alone.

The moon was midway in the heavens, and they prepared to depart, after appointing a rendezvous at the Devil's Arm-chair the ensuing evening. Seeing a canoe on the shore, they were tempted by the beauty of the river to return in it. Like a winged bird flew the tiny boat over the glossy surface of the water, curling the foam in mimic waves beneath its prow. Mary stooped and picked from its bottom a bow and pointed arrows; after examining them a moment, she in hurried accents pronounced them Owatoga's. The braves had returned—and sad was the innocent heart of the Indian maiden.

They stepped on shore; Gerald strained her one moment to his breast, with bitter thoughts at the misery she might endure, ere another hour should be passed in their soul's undisturbed communion. Recommending, to avoid suspicion, that they start from different points on the morrow, they parted. A moment Mary lingered in the cool solitude, to calm her troubled thoughts. That moment, an Indian youth stepped from behind one of the lofty forest trees, full into the moonlight. She would have shrieked, but with expressive motions he entreated silence.

"Fear me not," he said; "knowest thou not this brow? I could read thine at midnight, though but a single star trembled through the thick cloud. I am the Otto captive. When my heart has been dried up with grief, thy kindness hath fallen on my spirit, like dew upon the parched earth. I come to do thee, in return, a service. Owatoga has returned; he loves not the pale face, he is jealous of his bride. He says thou hast a double heart; that thy words and thy ways are at variance, like the flame and the waters; the one riseth up, but

the other cometh down and quencheth it; that the ghosts of his fathers thirst for the blood of white men. This night I have followed thy trail: I have sworn before the great Spirit, the master of life, to reveal all I hear to the brave. I have but to warn thee from meeting on the morrow; Owatoga will spare not his revenge."

Hope died from Mary's eyes at this recital, and bending low her head she seemed collecting her thoughts to comprehend fully what had been told her; then raising her eyes to those of the stripling who brought such tidings, she gazed upon him with a keen searching glance as though to read his very soul. He shrank not, but returned her gaze with a clear unwavering eye, which spoke a guileless heart. In warm, eloquent terms, she returned thanks for the service he had rendered her, which he shortened by abruptly leaving her. Anxiously Mary sought for an opportunity of conveying to Gerald, the information she had so strangely acquired. At length, fearful of longer delay, she despatched to him a child, with instructions to see her on the morrow.

At the appointed hour, might have been seen Gerald Monteith, wending his way toward the place of rendezvous. His lofty stature was bowed and his head declined upon his breast, as though in melancholy thought.

Although the moon had just risen, his way was darkly shadowed; a wiry figure glided noiselessly behind him, artfully avoiding the light spaces which varied the path. The beetling rock of the Devil's Arm-chair, rose sternly before them. Gerald paused, but his keen eye looked in vain for Mary. Stealthily the figure retreated into the dense shadow of the trees, and crouched behind a hoary Sycamore, his eyes glaring as if touched with hidden fire. Supposing himself too early, Monteith sat listlessly on the ground, absorbed in thought. Cautiously the form left its hiding place, and with cat like bounds ascending the steep, became concealed above the rock. Full twenty minutes passed in silence; impatiently Gerald mounted the hill, and stepping into the hollow of the immense rock which formed the seat, cast a searching glance in the direction whence he expected Mary. Light clouds flitted across the sky, and the wind rising with a hollow moan, twisting and writhing the limbs of the old wood, and whirling the dried leaves at his feet, even before it seemed actually to have reached him, warned him of the approaching tempest.

Dark clouds now rolled in frightful pomp, and hid the moon and sky, while the deafening thunder, resounded from hill to hill. Satisfied that Mary would not be there, he turned to depart. Then Owatoga with the speed of the thunderbolt, rushed from his lair upon his victim. Startled and confounded, Monteith looked upon his strange visitant, doubtful if he were devil or angel.

"Know I am Owatoga!" yelled the savage.

Comprehending now, his danger, Monteith threw his whole strength into a blow, which he hoped would be decisive enough to stun him, when he would make his escape; but with the agility of a wild cat, the savage avoided it, and closing in with him in deadly contest, exerted all his strength and cunning, to precipitate him from the terrific rock on which they were, upon the rough bed of flinty stones, which stretched beneath and around it, and which together with its peculiar form, originated the direful cognomen.

The winds screamed and madly howled along the valley and through the ravines, mingled with the heavy groans of the swinging boughs and the far off roarings of the coming storm; while fitful flashes of lightning at dreadful intervals, revealed to Gerald the brow of his antagonist knit with an iron frown, his compressed lips and mighty exertions proving this to be a mortal conflict. A frightful peal of thunder rolled through the vast expanse of Heaven, shaking the rock to its foundation. A moment they paused; a quick flash played for an instant upon the horizon, and with it, more hollow and more awful than the voice of the tempest, arose the death groan of the red man and his foe. The electric fluid, drawn by the ore imbedded beneath the rock, had passed with frightful precision to the heart of each. Two stiffened corpses, were the relics, of the before maddened combatants.

Lovely as hope, dawned the rosy morn of this eventful night. The great Sentinel of Heaven, looked down upon the traces of the late conflict, as gloriously bright, as though he shone upon deeds of light and love. A glittering ray fell upon the upturned face of Gerald Monteith, disclosing a dull and sunken eye, which but a few hours before, mirrored his every thought; the dark hair lay in matted rings and curls about his temples, and the glazed eye told a fearful tale of man's arrogance.

A few paces from him rested Owatoga; the tempest had not



crowed his soul or smoothed his rage; fierce, angry hate, seemed glaring from his protruding eyes; a scornful smile wreathed his lips, revealing his white teeth, glittering beside his dusky skin, like the tusks of an enraged animal. Huge masses of rock, lay in every direction, splintered and blackened.

The bodies were first discovered by the faithful captive, who quickly divining the scene, sought Mary. Silently he led her to the spot, and disclosed the remains of her lover and his rival. With a cry of agony she rushed from the spot, her steps winged by terror, — and again, through a sudden revulsion of feeling, she with quick uncertain tread, returned and fell in violent spasms upon the turf.

Erewhile they became less violent, until she appeared calm and rational; with a bursting heart, she enquired the particulars of the awful occurrence, and informed him of her message through the child, which circumstances proved to have never been delivered. Ere the sun was midway on his path, the pure spirit of the Indian maiden, had winged its way, we trust, to mansions of eternal peace.

They buried them there, 'neath the watchful trees, lulled by the surging waters, Mary and Gerald filling up one sepulchre. A band of dark browed warriors chanted the death song of the brave, as they lowered the bodies in their narrow home. The raven and the vulture flap their wings above the graves, and the lone Indian glides stilly past the site of the Devil's Arm-chair.

#### THE CITY OF MEXICO.

We find the following sketch of the city of Mexico in an exchange. It is from Hon. Waddy Thompson's new work on Mexico, compiled by him while Minister from this country and resident there. It will be interesting, as it is evident that Gen. Taylor intends to march the U. States army into the very Halls of the Montezumas.

"The city of Mexico is said to be the finest built city on the American continent. In some respects it certainly is so. In the principal streets the houses are all constructed according to the strictest architectural rules. The foundations of the city were laid, and the first buildings were erected by Cortes, who did everything well which he attempted — from building houses or writing a couplet to conquering an empire. Many of the finest buildings in Mexico are still owned by his descendants. The public square is said to be unsurpassed by any in the world; it contains some twelve or fifteen acres paved with stone. The cathedral covers one entire side, the palace another; the western side is occupied by a row of very high and substantial houses, the second stories of which project into the street the width of the pavement; the lower stories are occupied by the principal retail merchants of the city. The most of these houses were built by Cortes, who, with his characteristic sagacity; and an avarice which equally characterized him in the latter part of his life, selected the best portion of the city for himself.

The President's Palace, formerly the palace of the viceroys, is an immense building of three stories high, about five hundred feet in length, and three hundred and fifty wide; it stands on the site of the palace of Montezuma. It is difficult to conceive of so much stone and mortar being put together in a less tasteful and imposing shape; it has much more the appearance of a cotton factory or a penitentiary than what it really is; the windows are small, and a parapet wall runs the whole length of the building, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its appearance except some very indifferent ornamental work in the centre; there are no doors in the front either of the second or third stories — nothing but disproportionately small windows, and too many of them; the three doors, and there are only three in the lower story, are destitute of all architectural beauty or ornament. Only a very small part of this palace is appropriated to the residence of the President; all the public offices are here, including those of the heads of the different departments; ministers of war, foreign relations, finance and justice, the public treasury, &c., &c. The halls of the house of deputies and of the senate are also in the same building, and last and least, the botanic garden. After passing through all sorts of filth and dirt on the basement story, you come to a dark narrow passage, which conducts you to a massive door, which, when you have succeeded in opening, you enter an apartment enclosed with high walls on every side, but open at the top, and certainly not exceeding eighty feet square, and this is the botanic garden of the palace of Mexico; a few shrubs and plants, and the celebrated manita tree, are all that it contains.

I have rarely in my life seen a more gloomy and desolate looking place. It is much more like a prison than a garden.

A decrepit, palsied old man, said to be more than a hundred years old, is the superintendent of the establishment; no one could have been selected more in keeping with the general dilapidation and dreariness of this melancholy affair.

But the cathedral, which occupies the site of the great idol temple of Montezuma, offers a striking contrast. It is five hundred feet long by four hundred and twenty wide. It would be superfluous to add another to the many descriptions of this famous building which have already been published. Like all the other churches in Mexico, it is built in the Gothic style. The walls, of several feet thickness, are made of unhewn stone and lime. Upon entering it, one is apt to recall the wild fictions of the Arabian Nights; it seems as if the wealth of empires was collected there. The clergy in Mexico do not, for obvious reasons, desire that their wealth should be made known to its full extent; they are therefore, not disposed to give very full information upon the subject, or to exhibit the gold and silver vessels, vases, precious stones, and other forms of wealth; quite enough is exhibited to strike the beholder with wonder. The first object that presents itself on entering the cathedral is the altar, near the centre of the building; it is made of high-wrought and highly-polished silver, and covered with a profusion of ornaments of pure gold. On each side of this altar runs a balustrade, enclosing a space about eight feet wide, and eighty or a hundred feet long. The balustrades are about four feet high, and four inches thick in the largest part; the hand-rail from six to eight inches wide. Upon the top of this hand-rail, at the distance of six or eight feet apart, are human images, beautifully wrought, and about two feet high. All of these, the balustrade, hand-rail and images, are made of a compound of gold, silver and copper — more valuable than silver. I was told that an offer had been made to take this balustrade, and replace it with another of exactly the same size and workmanship of pure silver, and to give half a million of dollars besides. There is much more of the same balustrade in other parts of the church; I should think, in all of it, not less than three hundred feet.

As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver. This, too, is only the every day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests or closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the church is known to possess. And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must also be remembered, that all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Louis Potosi, have each a proportionate number of equally gorgeous establishments."

#### THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

Montezuma II. ascended the Mexican throne A. D. 1502, at the age of twenty-three, before Mexico had been discovered by Europeans. He died 30th June, in the 42d year of his age, of wounds inflicted by the Spanish discoverers whom he had invited to his royal palace. Historians agree in admiring his character.

On ascending the throne, not content with the spacious residence of his father, he erected another, much more magnificent, fronting on the PLAZA MAGOR of the present city of Mexico. So vast was this great structure, that, as one of the historians informs us, the space covered by its terraced roof might have afforded ample room for thirty knights to run their course in a regular tourney. His father's palace, although not so high, was so extensive that the visitors were too much fatigued with wandering through the apartments, ever to see the whole of it. The palaces were built of red stone, ornamented with marble, the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle bearing a tiger in his talons) being sculptured over the main entrance. Crystal fountains, fed by the great reservoirs on the neighboring hills, played in the vast halls and gardens, and supplied water to hundreds of marble baths in the interior of the palaces. Crowds of nobles and tributary chieftains were continually sauntering through the halls, or loitering away their hours in attendance on the court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the ceiling, beautiful mats of palm leaf covered the floors. The walls were hung with cotton richly stained, the skins of wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather work wrought in imitation of birds, insects, and flowers, in glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense from golden censurs diffused intoxicating odors through

splendid apartments occupied by the NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY wives and five thousand slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science and learning, and public schools were established throughout the greater part of the empire. — The city of Mexico in his day, numbered twice as many inhabitants as at present, and one thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean that a man could traverse the whole city with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands. A careful police guarded the city. Extensive arsenals, granaries, warehouses, an aviary for the most beautiful birds, menageries, house for reptiles and serpents, a collection of human monsters, fish-ponds built of marble, and museums and public libraries, all on the most extensive scale, added their attractions to the great city of the Aztecs. Gorgeous temples — in which human victims were sacrificed, and their blood baked in bread or their bodies dressed for food, to be devoured by the people at religious festivals — reared their pyramidal altars far above the highest edifices. Thousands of their brother men were thus sacrificed annually. The temple of Maxtli, their war god, was so constructed that its great alarm gong, sounding to battle, roused the valley for three leagues around, and called three hundred thousand Aztecs to the service of their monarch. So vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a building devoted to them, that 500 turkeys, the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed for their consumption. Such were the "Halls of the Montezumas!" The summer residence of the monarch, on the hill of Chapultepec, overlooking the city, was surrounded by gardens of several miles in extent, and here were preserved until the middle of the last century, two statues of the Emperor and his father. The great cypress trees, under which the Aztec sovereign and his associates once held their moonlight revels, still shade the royal gardens. Some of them fifty feet in circumference, are several thousand years old, but are yet as green as in the days of Montezuma, whose ashes or those of his ancestors, rendered sacred, in the eyes of the native Mexicans, the hill of Chapultepec. Natural decay and a waning population now marks the seat of power of the great Montezumas.

#### WORDS FROM THE FRENCH.

The following words, borrowed from the French, are so common in our magazine and newspaper literature, that a brief definition of them may be serviceable to our readers, besides affording many young scribblers a facility for ORNAMENTS their compositions. ATTACHE, the train of an ambassador; one's admirers, or "hangers on." AU-FAIT, well acquainted with the subject. BADINAGE, a sort of half-earnest jesting. BAGA-TELLE, a trifle; pshaw; nonsense. BONMOT, good word; clever. BROCHURE, a stitched book. CI-DEVANT, formerly. CORTEGE, a train of attendants. COUP, sudden action. DEBUT, an entrance; first appearance. — DEJEUNE, the morning meal; in fashionable life, breakfast parties. DEVOIRS, duties; respects. DOUCEUR, sweetness. EMPRESSEMENT, rapid movement or earnest manner. ENSEMBLE, the result of a union of parts. GOUT, taste; relish. HAUTEUR, literally height; in morals, a good quality. HAUTON, high tone or style. HORS, out of. NAIVETE, simplicity; naturalness. NONCHALENCE, indolence; want of sensibility. OUTRE, overstrained; exaggerated. PAR EXCELLENCE, by excellence. PASSE, passed away. PENCHANT, an inclination. PRESTIGE, a presentimental faith. QUI VIVE, who goes there? watchfulness. RAPPORT, similarity of thought. RECHERCHE, to be sought after. SCIREE, literally, an entire evening; an evening passed in social enjoyment. — TABLEAU, a picture. THELEUX-VIVANTS, living pictures.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY. — We know that every thing is affected that is touched by the spirit of Christianity. It touches the heart of the poor man, and he becomes humble as a little child; it touches the heart of the sensualist and he becomes pure and heavenly; it touches the affections of the covetous, and he becomes liberal; it touches the heart of the revengeful and they become forgiving and loving; it touches the chain of caste, and it melts; it touches the idols of the heathen, and they fall to the ground like Dagon before the ark of God; it touches the atmosphere of idolatry, and the glare of superstition is dissolved; it touches the fetters of the slave, and they fall off; it touches the ruthless despotism of the earth, and they wither at its glance; it touches the hearts of savages, and they take their place among civilized men; it sends its fructifying showers on the barren wilderness, and it blossoms like the rose; it smiles upon the desert, and the inhabitants of the rock, the wandering bushmen sing for joy, and shout from the tops of the mountains.



## News Items.

### FIVE DAYS LATER FROM MEXICO.

By the bark Louisiana, Capt. Williams, we have advices from Vera Cruz to the 25th ult.—five days later than those brought by the Thetis. The Louisiana sailed in company with the Helen McLeod, leaving no American vessels in port. The brig Petersburg, for New York, got away on the 20th.

The blockade of the port of Vera Cruz commenced on the 20th. Fifteen days were allowed to all neutral vessels in Port to load and depart.

By orders from the Mexican Government the American Consul's office was to be closed, and he and all American citizens were to leave by the 26th. On that day the Consul expected to go on board the steam frigate Mississippi. This frigate and the Raritan were at anchor off Vera Cruz on the 25th and the sloop of war Falmouth was lying off the port.

The Louisiana and Helen McLeod got off in great haste to prevent being seized.

The day they sailed news reached Vera Cruz that Mazatlan and Tepic had pronounced in favor of Santa Anna. Gen. Alvarez was still carrying on his hostile operations in the south part of the department of Mexico.

A report was in circulation that Gen. Paredes intended to leave the city of Mexico at the head of more troops to reinforce the army of the North.

The animosity existing against the Americans has been violently increased by the news of the two actions of the 8th and 9th ult.

The enormous forced loans which the Government had imposed upon the clergy, the latter had declared itself totally unable to meet. The metropolitan church was ordered to furnish a subsidy of \$98,000 per month; the church of Michoacan \$35,000—of Puebla \$40,000—of Guadalajara \$20,000—of Durango \$15,000, and of Oajaca \$8,000. These great sums per month show that the President is determined to prosecute the war with energy; he will never be able to collect such loans.

Senor Gomez Farias, so well known here, has been arrested by the Government.

Gen. Almonte has made a formal resignation of his mission to France.

In regard to the report as to Paredes putting himself at the head of the army, EL REPUBLICANO says it is uncertain whether he will repair to the Rio Grande or to Vera Cruz; but that he will leave the capital as soon as Congress assembles.

Full accounts of the disastrous actions of the 8th and 9th had reached the capital, and appeared in the official journal. They are more accurate by far than Mexican bulletins generally, and do credit to Arista. The news was received with profound regret, but with an apparent determination to fight the war out.

They claim positively that the number of the killed and wounded on the part of the Americans was more considerable than that of the Mexicans. Gen. Arista sets down the force of the Mexicans in the action of the 8th at 3000 men twelve pieces of artillery; our numbers are stated to have been 3000 men, more or less, with great superiority in artillery. The destruction by our artillery is represented to have been severe. Over 3000 shots are said to have been fired at the Mexicans by our artillery, between 2 o'clock, P. M., and 7 in the evening when the battle closed. The Mexicans in the same time discharged 750 shots from their artillery. The Mexican loss on the 8th is set down at 352 killed, wounded and missing—and they claim to have retained possession of the field of battle.

We have not the description of the action of the 9th by Gen. Arista, as we had supposed in our haste, but we have by a journal friendly to him. His position is represented to have been gallantly forced, notwithstanding the repeated charges of the Mexican cavalry, the last of which was headed by Arista in person, and during which they actually "cut to pieces two entire companies of the Americans." The loss of the Americans is still represented as superior to that of the Mexicans.

The papers make very patriotic appeals to all good citizens to come up to the rescue of the country. Even El Republicano claims that "the President is making and will make new efforts, as great as the emergency requires." It urges all to make the sacrifices which will be demanded, and appeals to the Congress about to be assembled to sustain the war at every possible hazard. It recommends the putting aside of personal dissensions, and denounces those who would resort to foreign intervention to bring about a peace.

El Republicano praises Arista for the personal gallantry he displayed in action, and yet hopes to see his name associated

with victories. "The General who has fought valiantly with the foreign enemies of his country has a solid title to the love of his fellow citizens."

In regard to the loan attempted to be raised from the clergy of Mexico, we have the official letter of the Minister of the Treasury, Senor Iturbe, dated the 13th, before the news of the actions of the 8th and 9th could have been received. It sets forth the grievous necessity of money for the war, and urges the duty of the clergy to submit to the hardships forced upon all by the national calamities. He tells the Archbishop that the Government has appropriated all revenues which were mortgaged, suspending without exception all payments to its creditors; that it withheld a fourth part of the salaries of all its employees; that all classes were called upon to make sacrifices, and the clergy must not be exempt. He then calls for a loan of \$2,400,000, payable in twelve monthly instalments, commencing the 30th June. The Archbishop is called upon to partition the loan among the various bodies of the clergy. On the 15th the Archbishop replied that he had summoned an ecclesiastic convention to meet that morning, before whom the matter would be laid; and that he would cooperate to the extent of his powers "in a war in which were at stake the two precious objects of Mexicans, its independence and its religion."

The next we hear of the loan is an announcement in EL REPUBLICANO, of the 21st, that the metropolitan churches could not contribute the \$98,000 a month allotted to them, as the total of their revenues will fall short of that sum. The same paper states that the collection of such sums as are assigned to the other churches is utterly impracticable in the present ruinous state of the tithes and the general depreciation of ecclesiastical property. This disappointment will prove, according to all accounts, very injurious to the Government. The wealth of the clergy had been relied upon as the ultimate resource of the Government in its emergencies.—Whether the disappointment will be total, however, we are too little informed to pronounce. If it be, it will prove fatal to the Administration of Paredes.

The garrison of Tepic had pronounced against the government, but according to the DIARIO it had marched directly into Sinaloa, because the citizens of Tepic had refused to take part in the movement. Tepic is a town in Guadalajara, only a few miles from the port of San Blas. As the report of an insurrection at Mazatlan reached us at the same time as the action of the garrison at San Blas, we infer that the movement was a concerted one, and that a formidable rebellion may reasonably be expected in Sonora.

The disturbances in the South of Mexico are attributed by the different journals to different causes. According to some it is but a war of castes; according to others, the grita, is for federalism and Santa Anna. Many have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the dissensions, and that they are of a very grave nature, there can be no doubt. That it is connected with some general plan which is by degrees developing itself in those departments of Mexico lying on the Pacific, we think is a reasonable conclusion. Of the nature of it, the Mexican papers leave us in the dark. The seizure of the armament which was destined for California, was no doubt one of the ramifications of extensive combinations.

In the papers of the 21st May is announced the arrest of six eminent citizens of Mexico with a view to an examination of their private correspondence by the Government. The measure is denounced as a tyrannical one in itself, and particularly in a time when the Government should strive to conciliate the sympathies of all classes. The papers of an earlier date contain the names of parties suspended and arrested, or ordered to be arrested. Intercepted correspondence of Alvarez had led to many of these arrests. We cannot pretend to give the names of the parties, but the number of them proves the extent of the dissatisfaction with the Administration.

Letters have been received in Mexico from Chihuahua announcing that two American officers had presented themselves near a presidial garrison seventy leagues from the city of Chihuahua, and have encountered a soldier of the garrison they obtained from him a minute account of the force which was maintained there, and how many inhabitants and soldiers could be drawn from the Department to defend the city. Upon leaving him, they made him a gratuity and announced that they would return in a few days with a strong force. We find these details in El Republicano.

LA VOZ DE MICHOACAN says that Gen. Hernandez did actually attempt to revolutionize that Department under orders from Gen. Alvarez, but that he failed and was taken prisoner, and sent to Mexico. The previous report was that he was

convinced of his error and had voluntarily given in his adhesion to the central Government.

**SUICIDE.**—A German named Alex. Schwartz, who kept a barber's shop in Notre Dame street, three doors from the New Levee, committed suicide yesterday evening near Lafayette. It appears that the act was committed under the influence of some love passion, in which he was unsuccessful. He was found in a room of a house in Lafayette with a double-barrel pistol in his hand, the ball of which had been fired through his heart.—[N. O. Delta.

**THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.**—A letter from the army of Gen. Taylor says:—"On the field was found a dog, lying by the body of his master. No entreaties could prevail on him to leave the body of him who in life had caressed him."

Mr. Edward Webster, youngest son of the Hon. Daniel Webster, is about to raise a company for Mexico, by permission of his father.

THE GALVESTON CIVILIAN GAZETTE says that a treaty was concluded at Torrey's trading house on the 18th ult. with such Indian chiefs as were in attendance, including some half dozen of the Camanches, though all that tribe was not represented and the Wacoos, Kiachies and Towcanies had no representatives present.

**FROM HAYTI.**—Captain Morse, of the brig Hayti arrived yesterday in fifteen days from Port Republican, reports that the country was quiet, and President Rices's government popular. There were no disturbances except from a few mountaineers in the southern portion of the country.—NEW YORK EVENING POST, 4TH INST.

**THE BRITANNIA.** Captain J. Hewitt, left Boston on Monday afternoon for Halifax and Liverpool, with the semi-monthly mail and 80 passengers. Among the passengers is the Hon. R. M. Saunders, of North Carolina, bearer of despatches.—PHIL. LEDG. 4TH INST.

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